EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

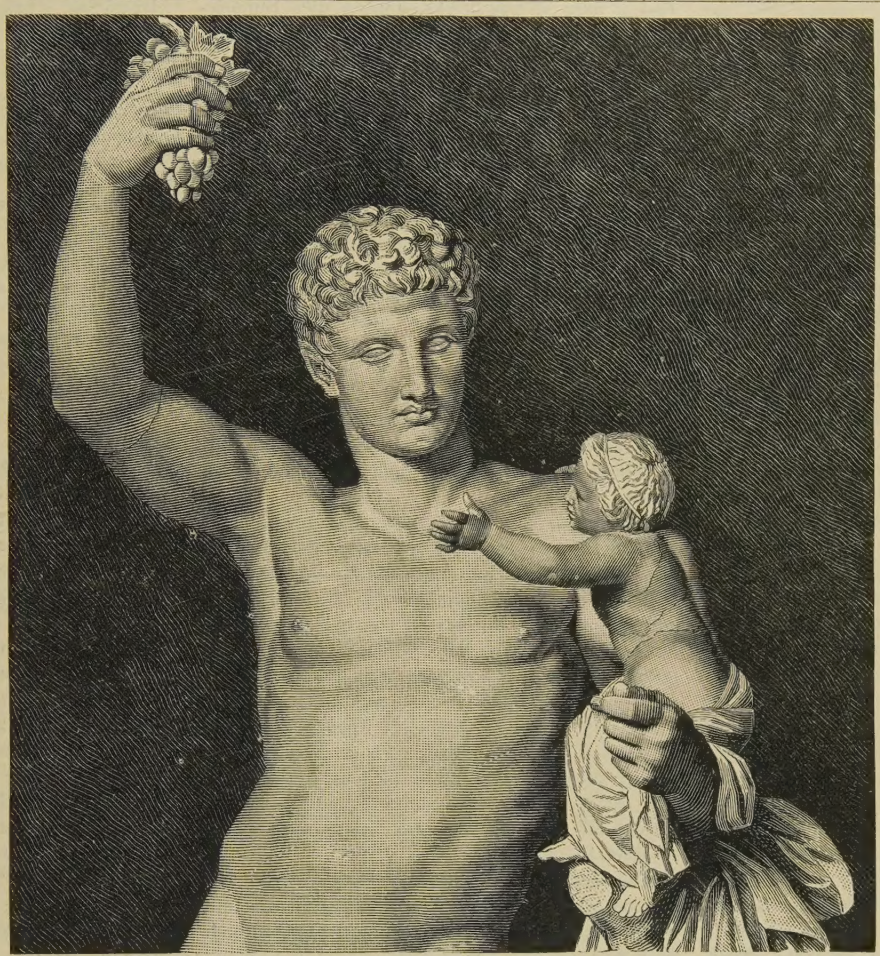
VOL. II. — No. 2. BOSTON, OCTOBER 3, 1886. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

OCTOBER.

THIS harvest-month is the crown of the year. It seems to take up into itself all that is best and fairest in the other months, and to add thereto a beauty and a glory that are all its own. There are days when the clear, cool air is as pure and bracing as in mid-winter. Other days there are when summer comes regretfully back as if reluctant to depart. Then the ripening leaf repeats the miracle of changing color that made the trees so passing fair in spring. The flowers, too, that linger in the woods and gardens are as richly hued as those of June.

But the "mellow fruitfulness" is October's own treasure. So are the perfect days when the harvest-fields are bathed in a soft radiance, and the "gentleness of heaven" is on the hills, where the trees, in robes of splendor, usher in the sunset clouds. It is like the close of a good life, crowned with the glory of past achievements, but expectant of a greater glory yet to be revealed.

It is Nature's Commentary on the Hebrew psalmist's words: Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and we may say of October, as the poet sings of June: "Then, if ever, come perfect days."



THE BEAUTIFUL STATUE FOUND AT OLYMPIA.

"SO GOOD."

MARGIE'S father had told her that she could not go outdoors. It was hard, though, to stay in the house that pleasant September morning, when even the squirrels in the neighboring grove seemed to enjoy more freedom than ever as they frisked from tree to tree. But Margie was accustomed to obey her father's commands, and never questioned their wisdom. Only this time it was not easy for her little head to understand why the command had been given. At last, after thinking for some time, she suddenly exclaimed, "O father, I wish you were worse!"

"Why, Margie, what a strange idea! Why do you wish so?"

"Because, if you were not so good, I should tell you that I don't want to stay in the house."

Dear, simple-hearted child, what a lesson your singular saying teaches us all! It is because our Father is "so good," that we must not murmur or complain when his will crosses our wishes. When we say, "God's will be done," we are only saying in other words, "Let Goodness and Mercy have their perfect work."

We are satisfied in doing the divine will because we know that God is Love.

IN the ruins of the old Greek temple at Olympia there was found a few years ago a famous statue by the sculptor Praxiteles, — the very statue which Pausanias described in a book which he wrote seventeen hundred years ago. Our picture gives a good representation of the sculpture. The figure is that of the Greek god, Hermes, called Mercury by the Romans, who holds in his left hand the infant Dionysus, the deity generally known under the name of Bacchus. In the uplifted right hand Hermes holds a bunch of grapes, which the babe eagerly strives to grasp. This hand, however, is a restoration, as the arm of the statue when found was broken off just below the elbow.

It is not easy to make a young reader understand the deep meanings of the old Greek myths of Hermes and Dionysus. Hermes was not only a god, but the messenger of the gods, — the divine coming down to earth. On the other hand, Dionysus is nature struggling up to the divine. He is the god of the grape, because its rich purple juice seemed to the ancients to express the kindly and gladdening power of nature.

The old myth tells us that when Dionysus was born, Zeus, his father, gave him to Hermes to be carried to the nymphs of Nysa, his appointed earthly nurses. The sculpture by Praxiteles represents the divine messenger resting a moment on his journey. He has just alighted on the earth, and having thrown his mantle over the trunk of a tree, rests upon it the arm that holds the child of Zeus.

The sculptor has told the simple story in a marvellously beautiful manner. The figure of Hermes may be called the masterpiece of Greek sculpture. Certainly the "human form divine" was never shaped by the chisel in fairer proportions, or with lovelier features. What perfect development of the muscles! What ease and balance in the attitude! But above all, what an exquisitely shaped head and face!

One writer says: "It is the face of a youth, in whom the richness and strength of opening manhood are fused with the grace and tenderness of maidenhood, as he folds his arms round his helpless infant brother. *Such capable tenderness* neither sculptor nor painter of modern times has ever been able to transfuse even into the face of the Prince of Pity." Yet let us not forget that the Word made flesh in Judea — not the Word made marble in Greece — first called to life that enthusiasm of humanity which causes the strong to hold the weak by the cords of heavenly pity and the bonds of a divine tenderness.

HOW ROXY BUILT THE CHURCH.

BY MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE.

THE boys of Coverton liked a conflagration, but the men and women did not; for when a house caught fire there it was pretty certain to burn to the ground, a very small hand-engine being the only extinguisher which they had. So, when the church caught fire one night, the people could do little more than stand by and see the beloved old red wooden walls blaze away; and the familiar steeple, in which the bell had rung on so many Sunday mornings, become an arm of fire pointing to heaven, and drop away into nothingness.

But the next day even the boys were sad. In a town of two thousand inhabitants not only is the church a place for devotion, but it is the social centre. Sunday service, the Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, sociables, and donation-parties form the quiet and genial diversions of the place. So the boys said, "No more Sunday-school? What *will* we do Sunday afternoons?" And the girls said, "Just as we were getting on so well with our sewing-circle, too! How horrid! And to think we'll never sing out of the old books any more!" Aunt Serena Marshall wept into her black-bordered pocket-handkerchief. "To think I shall never hear again 'Come, thou fount of every blessing' echo under that old roof! I shall never enjoy a hymn so well in any other church." But what troubled the men of Coverton was that there seemed to be no likelihood of their having another church. "It's a hard pull to keep our debts paid these days," said David Wetherbeck, one of the leading members; "and how we're a-going to raise funds, I don't see."

"My friends," said the minister, "we can worship the Lord anywhere." But even this assurance could not lift the weight of disappointment from the hearts of the old church-goers. When Sunday morning came, and the serenely quiet atmosphere fell upon the place as gently as the sunshine, and the good folk realized that they were without a meeting-house, they felt as if some dear friend had died in the midst of them. The fresh wind blowing through the tree-tops gave them little pleasure, since it did not bring the dear sound of that cracked, familiar old bell.

"I don't know as I felt any worse," murmured Aunt Serena, "on the day when Joshua died. I was all upsot then, and I am all upsot now. Well, the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away."

Roxy Pocket, Aunt Serena's orphan niece, heard and sighed. She sat on the lattice porch, stroking the black cat, and thinking how queer it seemed not to be in a cool corner of the pew where she had sat every morning since she was old enough to "behave herself in church."

"I was going to get a prize to-day," she reflected to herself, "for having learned the most verses in Sunday-school." She got up and walked discontentedly down the garden path, between the stanch rows of hollyhocks. Aunt Serena saw her there pacing up and down with her hands behind her, while the black cat followed close upon her heels.

"Well, of course we've got to have a new church," said Roxy at last, "and I'm sure I'll do all I can;" and on the spot she dedicated five cents, which she had been going to spend for jackstones, toward the erection of the new church.

Two months passed, and the people met here and there at different houses for morning service; but the cottage parlors were insufficient to hold the congregations that had been wont to meet within the walls of the red church; and as for Sunday-school, some classes met here and some met there, until at last it was broken up altogether.

"When are we going to have our church?" asked Roxy of one and another.

"Well, we can't just tell. Money's awful close," would be the answer; till at last Roxy saw quite plainly that there was very little chance indeed of their having a church for a long time to come. Then one night, as Roxy walked home from school and dragged her tired little feet over the bricks that paved the paths of her aunt's old-fashioned garden, she said to herself, "If only I had a mile of you bricks, what a nice Sunday-school I'd build!" and when she had said that, an idea came into her head as suddenly as if a little fairy had dropped it there, — an idea which took Roxy's breath away, and made her pant as if she had been running.

That night Roxy hardly slept, but lay listening to the rain upon the roof and thinking, thinking. The next day and many more days the idea loomed up before her like a great wall which would not let her pass, and the end of which she could not find. At last Roxy concluded that the only way to get rid of that wall was to break it down.

One afternoon at recess all of the children were informed by one means or another that Roxy had something to say to them. They gathered about the school-house steps, on the top of which Roxy stood and laid her plan before them.

"Our folks are all real poor," said she, "and don't in the least know how to build up the church again. So if they can't do anything some one else will have to, and I guess it's us. So what I was going to say was, if each of you can bring me a brick and leave it in Aunt Serena's garden till we get enough to start a church, why, maybe in time we'll have our Sunday-school again."

Nobody laughed. Somehow they had always believed in whatever Roxy said; and they raised among them there a purse of four cents which they gave to Roxy for safe-keeping, and then rushed off to hunt for stray bricks with which to start the building.

The next day Aunt Serena, going to drive the pigs out of the garden, found twelve bricks and a pile of stones on the edge of her asparagus bed. Seth Ransom had brought the stones in a wheelbarrow "for the foundation." They were all round and black, and evidently selected with great care.

With many blushes Roxy confessed to her aunt the use for which they were intended.

Aunt Serena was vastly amused. She told the minister about it.

The minister was not amused; he was interested. "You are a queer little girl," he said. "What will you do next?"

For answer Roxy showed him a letter which she had written to an aunt who lived in Boston. First, Roxy laid the case before her, and then begged for a brick or its worth in money.

"Come with me," said the minister, "and we will see if the men and women will do as well as the children." So in her little green gingham dress and battered sunshade Roxy made the rounds of the town with the minister, and laid her simple plan before all the people of Coverton. The result that night was a trifle over eight dollars in money, many promises of bricks, some ridicule, and some encouragement.

Day after day the pile accumulated in Aunt Serena's yard, till that patient woman found fault; and Roxy was obliged to ask the boys to stack the bricks in a vacant lot which adjoined hers, which they did very neatly.

The best suggestion of all came from George Newcombe, one of the older boys. "Now, see here, Roxy," said he one night after school, "you write to pa about this thing." His father was the Congressman from that district and the mighty man in the village.

After many trials and copyings, Roxy, astonished at her own bravery, secretly mailed the following note: —

COVERTON, March 2, 1884.

The Hon. Mr. Newcombe.

DEAR SIR, — I suppose you know our church is burned down. Crops have been bad this year, and the men say times are hard. They cannot see any way to build a new church, so we children have started to get all the bricks we can. We have quite a little pile, but of course we shall want thousands and thousands more. Would it trouble you very much to ask some of your friends to each send us a brick? We would be very thankful for it.

Respectfully yours,

ROXANA POCKET.

Two weeks later Roxy, coming home from school, found a tall man in a suit of blue jean waiting for her.

"Be you Roxanny Pocket?" he asked.

"I b— am," replied Roxy, whose knees trembled a little.

"Well, there's a hull carload o' bricks on the siding down t' th' stashun. What 'll we do with 'em?" He looked as if he wanted to ask, "What will you do with them?"

That same day a letter came containing a post-office order. Roxy signed it herself, drew the money herself, put that roll of bills in her own little pocket, and carried it up to the minister's house and laid it on the table without a word, — fifty dollars. It was from her aunt.

The minister was overjoyed. He, too, had received contributions, small, but none the less kind, from friends in other towns. Several members of the church had contributed one — two — five hundred bricks, and a brickmaker in the next county offered a thousand if they would send for them.

When Roxy got home she found a letter which her aunt had brought from the post-office. It was addressed to "Miss Roxana Pocket," and the envelope bore the legend, "House of Representatives, Washington, D. C." She opened it with trembling fingers, and found a warm letter from Mr. Newcombe, telling her of the carload of bricks, — his own gift, — and enclosing a check for five hundred dollars, which he said had been contributed by his fellow Congressmen to whom he had spoken in regard to her plan. He hinted of another contribution which was to come.

Roxy cried for very joy when she read these kind words; and when she heard the men of the church talk seriously of the new building, her heart nearly burst for gladness.

That week several marked newspapers came to Roxy from distant cities, containing short accounts of her enterprise and speaking of her in terms of praise. After this she received small contributions of money and bricks and queer letters from all quarters. Then came an envelope bearing a Washington post-mark and the stamp "Executive Mansion." Wondering what it could contain, Roxy broke the seal, and with burning cheeks read a letter from the President of the

United States! He had heard of her zeal and its object, and presented her with twenty-five thousand bricks in his daughter's name, and a check for a thousand dollars from himself. This seemed unbelievable, but it was not: it was very true indeed.

The graceful church that arose from the ashes of the old one, with its tasteful spire and colored windows, its homelike, cheerful pulpit, and arched roof (which they colored blue just to please Roxy), was a never-ending delight to the people of Coverton. And when it was finished, and the minister had dedicated it in a beautiful service, and the echoes of the new organ had died away, a great honor was paid to Roxy.

One of the windows had been curtained with a dark red cloth; and as the minister pulled it down and every one turned to look, they read on its many-colored pane Roxy's name and how she had built the church.

Roxy read it, peeping over the edge of Aunt Serena's huge black fan.

George Newcombe leaned over the seat behind her, and whispered, "Roxy Pocket, you're a brick!"

GOD MISSES OUR "LITTLE HUMAN PRAISE."

BY CHARITY DYE.

In Robert Browning's poem, "The Boy and the Angel," he tells of little Theocrite, who ever at his daily task took time to sing in cheerful song, "Praise God!"

One Easter Day as he sang thus and threw aside his curls from off his work, a monk who heard him said, —

"'Well done!
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,

"'As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"'This Easter Day the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome.'

"Said Theocrite, 'Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way and die!'"

Years passed by. Theocrite became a priest, and finally stood in a room of the great St. Peter's, ready to put on the vestments of the Pope. As he stood there, all his past life moved before him in a vision. An angel had taken his place in the cloister and praised God in Theocrite's stead; but God noticed the difference in heaven, and said, —

"'I miss my little human praise.'"

At this the angel flew to Rome, where Theocrite still stood musing, and told him that the course of both had been vain, — Theocrite's in his dream to be Pope, and his in leaving his angel sphere; and that when Theocrite's weak voice dropped —

"Creation's chorus stopped."

The angel commanded Theocrite to go back to his humble task, and take up

"Creation's pausing strain.
. . . . . .
"Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome."

The humble things in life are infinitely precious to the Infinite heart. The faint voice of the least of us at our daily tasks fills a strain in creation's chorus that the commanding voice of the Pope in St. Peter's cannot fill.

Each one has a strain that none but himself — not even the angels — can sing, whether it be to make the music of golden deeds, aspiring thoughts, insatiable longings, or the silence of self-sacrifice. However weak it may seem to us, we still know that God misses our "little human praise."

SAINT CECILIA.

THE PATRON SAINT OF MUSIC.

The large picture on page 13 is taken from Raphael's celebrated painting of Saint Cecilia in the church of San Giovanni-in-Monte, near Bologna, Italy. The painting contains two other figures not shown in our picture, — those of Saint Augustine and Mary Magdalene. A number of musical instruments strew the ground at the feet of the five saints, while overhead, in the clouds, a group of angels are singing.

The two figures on the left, in our picture, are Saint Paul (leaning on the sword) and Saint John, — noble studies of the great missionary apostle and the "disciple whom Jesus loved." Saint Cecilia, richly dressed, holds a small organ in her hands, but is wholly absorbed in listening to the music of the unseen angel chorus. Even the expression of the eyes is that of one who *listens*, but does not *see*.

The story of this saint is pathetic. She was a noble Roman lady, who lived at Rome in the third century. Early married to a wealthy pagan, she soon converted to the faith of Christ her husband, Valerian, and his brother, Tiburtius. Both these noblemen were afterwards put to death for refusing to offer sacrifices to the pagan deities. Then Almachius, the wicked prefect of Rome, coveting the enormous wealth which Cecilia had inherited, commanded her to sacrifice to the gods. Struck with rage at her refusal, the cruel ruler ordered her to be boiled to death in her own bath-room. From this horrible fate she was miraculously saved, but only to fall a victim to the assassin's sword.

I have seen in the Church of Saint Cecilia, in Rome, the wonderfully beautiful statue of this Christian martyr. The body lies on its side, presenting the exact appearance of a person left to expire. The white drapery is finely modelled; and in looking at the chaste marble, one almost seems to see Cecilia dying.

History and Biography.

"THE PALISADO GREEN."

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

Many a day have I spent in the parsonage of this ancient Connecticut town of Windsor; but never until to-day have I heard the story of the spot on which it stands, — called the "Palisado Green," — the very shrine of this region's history and story.

About two hundred and fifty years ago a small tribe of Indians, called River Indians, lived here on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, named by them the "Great River." Some miles distant dwelt the fierce and hostile Pequots, who caused them much annoyance and fear. Finally, Wahquimacut, a sachem of the River Indians, was sent to Massachusetts to visit some of our ancestors living near Boston. The fact was, they wanted help; but with Indian craftiness, offering gifts of corn and beaver skins, the sachem told of the wide, rich meadows which the Great River watered, and besought our people to come and occupy them.

Many had long been "hankering," as Governor Bradford called it, to turn their backs upon the hard soil and bleak winds about Massachusetts Bay; so a company soon started for this sunny valley. In those days there were no palace cars, or even emigrant wagons; and this journey of two weeks was taken on foot, the men, women, children, and cattle marching through the woods and over streams, only resting on the Sabbath, when the stillness of the forest rang with their grand old hymns of praise.

No sooner were they settled than the Pequots began to harass them, and to kill here and there one, wherever they could get a chance. So our good people were forced to gather themselves more closely together. They found shelter in a rude log fort, made by their own hands for the protection of their wives and little ones from the outrages of the cruel foe.

This homely fortress, of three quarters of a mile in circuit, was made of tall, rough posts, driven into the ground close together and made secure on the inside. Around the outside a wide ditch was dug, the earth being piled against the stakes. Thus quite a fortress was made, which did excellent service; for the Indians had no very formidable weapons to fight with. A watch was set within each night, lest the wily foe should climb over or set fire to the palisades.

Soon a war broke out in good earnest; and most of the men left the "Palisado" to go to fight against the cruel Pequots, leaving only the women, children, and infirm ones to hold the fort; and during their two months' absence these "watchers" became nearly worn out. We read in one of their ancient letters to Massachusetts: "We can scarcely stand on our legs, from long watching and worriting."

Within the Palisado stood the town-house, the small, plain meeting-house, and the little grave-yard, lying still and safe close under the wall. Added to these "sacred things" were about twenty houses, in one of which lived the good minister of this lonely parish; in another, the brave captain of the band who went off to the fight; and in another, the chief man in the settlement, Matthew Grant, — the first ancestor in this country of our own beloved General Grant. His house stood yonder, within sight of my window. Also, within a stone's throw, was the little schoolhouse, where Roger Sherman afterwards kept the village school, — the self-taught cobbler-boy, who rose to eminence and was one of the five members of the committee chosen to draught the Declaration of Independence. At the lower end of this famous "Green," under the eaves of an ancient, brown, five-gabled cottage, is the window of the low chamber where, through many a winter night, Roger pored over his few books by the light of a tallow candle.

This triangular Green, the ancient fortress-site, looks very pleasant to-day, lying peacefully in the summer sunshine, lined with magnificent maples, behind which stand the generous, well-kept houses. It is hard to realize that it was ever the seat of danger, of war's alarms, of bitter tears and prayers for dear ones absent and exposed to cruel dangers. What did not our true and brave forefathers and mothers dare and bear!

An old historian, writing from Dorchester, Mass., the place which they left for this sunny valley, says of them: "Taken as a whole, and judged by their day and their light, they were the most distinguished persons that have ever lived in this region."

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor would like to ask a question of his young readers. Can any one tell him how many times flowers are spoken of in the four Gospels? In what chapters and verses are the flowers mentioned? Send your answers to the Editor of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE DIARY. A TRUE STORY.

S —— had entered upon life's work, just merging from boyhood into manhood.

Active, full of hope and enthusiasm, he was his father's pride and his mother's joy. Sympathetic and trusty, he had many friends.

Suddenly, — accidentally, — his life, so full of promise, was terminated here below; and the sorrowful ones in that quiet home treasured every loving word and token of remembrance. Two years had passed since they laid him beneath the violets; and in an examination of his clothing, a diary was found in a hidden pocket, that no one had ever seen but the dear boy who made his records. How fondly it was read need not be stated; it seemed almost like hearing from him.

They were impressed with its unselfishness. Much more was written about father and mother, sisters and dear aunties, than about himself. A weekly record of attendance at Sunday-school and at church. When his two little sisters were sick at the same time, a daily record was kept, telling so plainly of his solicitude. The little book revealed the helper, — "Helped in the house to-day." It revealed love and sympathy, assistance, duty, and devotedness. No duty shirked, no record of wrong-doing, deceit, or falsehood.

Let all the boys who read EVERY OTHER SUNDAY look at their diaries and see what would be revealed to loving parents.

B. H. T.

BROCKTON, MASS.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

BY NELLIE A. G., 12 YEARS OLD.

"ME do too, sissy, — me do too."

"No, you can't; we don't want you."

Jennie and Alice Lee were sisters. Jennie was three years old and Alice ten. Nellie Gray, Alice's most intimate friend, had called for her to go walking, as she said. Now it would not have been very much trouble for Alice to have let her sister go, and it would have made her very happy. But Alice did not want to be troubled. So the two girls started off alone, laughing and talking; but I do not believe Alice enjoyed herself as well as she would if Jennie had gone with her.

Meanwhile Jennie had played around the house till she was tired, and finally concluded she would go after the girls. So, getting her little hat and putting it on, — wrong side before, of course, — she went down the walk and pulled at the gate till she got it open. Then she stopped to see which way she should go. At first she was quite bewildered, for the city of Philadelphia has a great many streets for little folks to go out upon with no older person with them. Jennie looked at the people as they passed by awhile, and then started on. People smiled at her, but never dreamed she had run away. Alice and Nellie went out upon the streets alone, and why could n't she?

The two girls had arrived home by this time; and Alice's mother asked her where Jennie was, for Mrs. Lee supposed she had gone with her sister, as she had not seen her around the house.

"I don't know where she is," said Alice; "isn't she here?"

"No," replied her mother; "I thought she went with you."

They searched the house, and called Jennie's name, but of course could not find her. They were now thoroughly frightened; and soon the cry of "Child lost! Child lost!" rang through the city.

"Mother," sobbed Alice, "if I had only taken her with me she would not have been lost; and now perhaps I shall never see her again, never! never!"

Mrs. Lee said nothing. She thought her daughter had punishment enough in her own thoughts, and she was also fearful she should never see her darling again.

But Jennie was not lost. Just at this moment a hearty voice exclaimed at the door: "Here is the little wanderer, madam, all right, — not a bit hurt." And a little sleepy voice said, "Oh, I 'se had such a dood time; but I wants my own mamma now;" and Jennie was soon fast asleep in her mother's arms.

It was a policeman that had brought her home. He said he had noticed that no one was with her, and asked her her name. She said, Jennie Lee, and that she was looking for Allie. He knew where she belonged, then, and had brought her home as soon as he could; and Jennie often speaks of the "dood time" she had that day. It was a lesson to Alice that she never forgot. She was always kind to her sister after that awful hour when she came so near losing her darling sister. And all children who have little brothers and sisters should be kind to them, and not have to be taught such a lesson as Alice was. You may not be as fortunate as she was in having the lost one found.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 22, 22, 28, 16, 20, was Moses' elder brother.

My 1, 6, 17, 9, 3, 13, Jesus mentions in one of his parables to illustrate hardness of heart.

My 26, 18, 12, 19, 11, ruled in Judea when Christ was born.

My 28, 26, 24, 11, 22, was the damsel who came to the gate when Peter knocked after his escape from prison.

My 7, 16, 12, 2, 23, 4, 8, was a famous Grecian city in which Paul preached.

My 11, 9, 22, 14, 22, was a goddess worshipped by the Ephesians.

My 7, 9, 5, 2, 7, 9, 22, was the native province of Saint Paul.

My 7, 28, 27, 25, 13, is an island in the Mediterranean sea mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

My 10, 2, 14, 21, 23, the body of Christ was wrapped in, after the crucifixion.

My 15, 19, 17, 27, is the greatest of all virtues.

My whole is an injunction often given by Saint John to his hearers.

For Youngest Readers.

SKIP'S JOURNEY.

BY SUSIE L. LAURENCE.

DID you ever hear of a dog going off on a journey in the cars, all alone? Well, this is how it happened: Mr. Golbert was going away on a journey with his wife in a few days, and so made arrangements to leave Skip with his mother, who lived in a little junction town quite a distance off. He went down there one afternoon with Skip, and spent the night.

In the morning he bade his mother good-by, and while Skip was eating his breakfast in the kitchen quietly came away. By and by Skip found his master was gone. He barked; he scratched the doors; he tried to get through the windows; he cried, and rushed from one room to another, and would not be pacified. His little heart was broken. At last he sat down by the door his master had gone out of, and watched; but no master came.

So he sat all the morning. In the afternoon some one came in and called grandma away. Then Skip improved his opportunity. He found the outside door was open, and he went softly out, down the walk, under the fence, towards the depot.

Now the strangest thing happened: two trains were standing on the tracks, one going north, and one going south towards Worcester. Skip looked knowingly around, and at last, when no one was looking, he went into one of the cars of the latter train. He hid himself away at one end under the seats, where there were no passengers. Pretty soon the train started; and when the conductor came around he made himself as small and as still as possible, as he doubtless knew he had no ticket nor money to pay the fare. Happily the conductor did not see him, and after about an hour the train rolled into the Union depot.

"Worcester! Worcester!" called the brakeman.

Skip slowly crawled out from his hiding-place, and followed the people out of the car. Then he ran quickly out of the depot, up Front Street, through Main Street, down Elm Street, till he reached home.

Mrs. Golbert had on her bonnet and ulster, getting ready to go out, when she heard a scratching and a barking at the front door. Going to see what was the matter, to her astonishment there was Skip, who rushed in, barking and jumping, and showing his delight in a decidedly dog-like manner. "But where are the folks?" thought Mrs. Golbert, a little disappointed to think they had brought the dog home so soon. She looked down the street, but seeing nobody, she took off her things and sat down to wait for them. When supper-time came, Mr. Golbert came too, but no one with him.

"Where are the folks?" inquired Mrs. Golbert of her husband when he came in.

"What folks?" demanded he.

"Did not some one come with Skip?" returned she.

"Has Skip come back?" asked his astonished master; then looking down by the stove he caught sight of the dog. "Why, Skip, you scamp, how did you get here? Come here, you rogue!"

But Skip would not move. His master called in vain. Skip opened one eye, and gave a short look, then pushed his nose down deeper between his paws. His master continued to entreat and command. Skip lent a deaf ear to it all; but at last, as if out of patience, he slowly got up and went to Mrs. Golbert, and jumped into her lap; and never from that day, as long as he lived, could Mr. Golbert induce the dog to take any notice of him. His confidence and faith in his master were broken by his desertion in a strange city, and no after efforts could restore them.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

MOSQUITOES.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

One morning last June Charlie and I had been for a long walk across the fields. We were warm and tired when we came upon a little pond surrounded by trees and bushes. The sight of this shaded water was so attractive that we sat down beside it to rest, and enjoy the delicious coolness; but we soon found that there were mosquitoes who liked the place as well as we did. Charlie, who was inclined to be indignant, was beginning to dispute their right as first-comers, when his attention was attracted by a curious spectacle.

One of the mosquitoes was standing on a leaf which floated upon the surface of the water. Four of her six legs rested on the leaf, while the two hind ones were crossed beneath her tail. Upon these crossed legs she laid an egg. It was shaped like a tiny powder-flask. The legs held it in place, with the small end uppermost, while she laid another and then pushed the two side by side. They seemed to be covered by a sort of glue which fastened them together. A third egg was then so guided by those useful legs as, with the other two, to make a triangle. She then went on laying egg after egg, fastening them together and gradually pushing them from her, until there were as many as two or three hundred, and the whole had assumed the form of a very small boat, pointed and also raised at each end. When it was finished she flew away, leaving it floating upon the pond. Charlie drew it out; we carried it home, and placed it in a basin of water.

No matter how roughly it was used, even though we poured water directly upon it, we found the little boat would always remain floating on its bottom, with the upper side dry. We peeped into the basin often, but saw no change until the second day, when Charlie discovered that the eggs were hatching; and from out of each came a wormlike, swimming creature, wholly different in appearance from the mosquito which had made the boat. It was black and had no legs; but upon each of its sides were several bunches of short, stout hairs or bristles, and just at the end of the tail was a long tube. The little worm always floated when it was at rest with its head down. By and by we found that this was because it used the tube in its tail to breathe through.

In about ten days there was another change, which is called "going into pupa." The worms pushed off their old skins, and came out a sort of worm again, but without any bristles. They were very agile, floating with the head up, when they were still, and breathing through two tubes coming out of its top. Charlie called these little fellows "wigglers," and I dare say you have seen them swimming actively about in standing water. They liked best to stay near the top of the water; indeed, we found they would die of suffocation if the tubes at the head were kept long from contact with the air. After a short time this new skin, or pupa case, burst open at the back, and a little creature struggled and braced himself, then pushed, and finally got free from it; and a fresh, newly born mosquito was left standing on the skin, which floated and made a sort of raft for it to rest upon until its wings had dried and its long legs gained sufficient strength to support its body.

It was a very pretty little fellow. Its gauzy wings shone with rainbow tints, and its small body was black and shining. It was so bright and attractive that Charlie gladly let it alight upon his hand, and did not even wince when it thrust its sucker, or proboscis, through the skin in search of its first breakfast.

The thirsty creature held up one leg as if to warn him against using any violence, while it pushed its proboscis nearly the whole length into his flesh, waited an instant, and then gradually filled itself with blood, growing larger and larger, as well as redder in color, during the process. Charlie was silent and seemed to be thinking. Soon he spoke: "I want to find out about his *bill*; it is very sharp, or he could n't put it in so; and it must be hollow for the blood to come up it. Maybe a microscope would show us."

We tried the microscope; and with its help, and that of some people who had looked through it before we did, we learned a good many things. First of all, that we should think a mosquito was wonderfully beautiful if our eyes were sharp enough to see all its good looks. Its body was apple-green, with a ridge down the back that looked like solid gold. Its wings were the prettiest things imaginable. It seemed as if they were made of an exceedingly lustrous gray silk tissue, which shone in every movement like a real bit of rainbow. They were dotted here and there with pretty, feather-like scales, and had a deep fringe all around their edges. Its eyes were very brilliant and cut in facets like a precious stone. They were of a rich red hue, and, as they moved, glittered in the light with every shade of red and purple. Its eyelids were black, and stood up like two little hoods behind the eyes, and were trimmed with thick fringes of silvery white. From the eyes sprang the antennæ, — the name given to the feathered bristles, which Charlie said he had often noticed at the front of a mosquito's head. These bristles were made up of fourteen joints, and were thickly covered with hairs. The proboscis, or "bill," now showed as a tube or sheath covered with scales like those upon the wings, and had a sort of knob at the end. Inside the sheath there were six stiff bristles, flattened at their ends and sharpened into the keenest of fairy lancets. These are what they thrust through the skin when they bite; then they inject into the puncture a fluid from their own bodies, which, mixing with the blood, thins it, and thus makes it easier for them to suck it up. This fluid is also irritating, and its action causes the swollen spots, which make people so greatly dread the attacks of the pretty little creatures.

A LITTLE SPANISH GIRL.

BY GRACE D. PATTEN.

Her name was Mercedita Caterina Isabel Navarro, — rather a long name for a shy little girl, who hardly dared lift her black eyes to your face, and who was not a bit of a princess, either! But they called her Merced, which was shorter and rather prettier, so she did not mind the rest. I think Señora Navarro must have been fond of high-sounding names; for Merced had a little brother, not much more than half her size, who had been baptized Lutgardo Argulero Navarro. Yet he ran about on his chubby little legs, and got into as much mischief as such small boys generally do.

Little Merced and her brother lived on the Pacific coast, in the old Spanish town of Monterey. Señor Navarro and his wife kept a little store, where they sold shells and coral and sea-weeds to the people who came to spend the winter (or the summer, as the case might be) in the great hotel, some two miles from the town.

In the store you might see all sorts of curious and beautiful things; and if you went once, you were very sure to go again. The polished shells, with their red backs and lovely tinted linings, all shades of green and pink, the corals, the curious sea-ferns, the bewitching pins made for dress, or hat, or hair, from those iridescent bits of pearl, were sure to charm one back again.

But Merced did not like it at all. She thought the sea-weeds smelled badly, and she was tired of the polished shells, which she had seen ever since she was born. She liked much better to sit on the covered balcony, or upper piazza, with her favorite doll or her kitten, and to look off over the lovely bay. She could see the great bath-house, where the fine ladies took their swimming lessons in the large tanks of warmed water; and she could see the lovely curve of the beach with its long line of slowly curling surf, where the little sand-pipers flew about, calling in their sad tones. Merced had been to the beach many times. It was very nice there. She liked the fresh wind blowing in her face, and the sound of the water on the beach; and she liked to play in the sand, and to have the little sand-pipers calling just behind her. Lutgardo liked the sand too, very much; but he had only been there once. His legs were too short, and the way was long.

Little Merced went to school. She was learning to read in English, and to speak it, too; for they generally spoke Spanish at home. The school-house stood on the summit of a hill, at one side of the village, quite a long walk from Merced's home. A big bell that hung outside, which was said to be the oldest in the State, called them in from recess, or to their studies in the morning. Merced liked to hear it. People said the building had once been a court-house, and that in it were drawn up the first statutes of the State of California; but Merced was not at all interested in that. She thought the unused jail which had been built on to the court-house, and whose entrance was all grown up with shrubs and bushes, much more interesting. Merced liked the school very well. She liked to learn to read, and the play at recess was *very* nice. But there was something she liked better than either, — better, even, than going down to the beach to play in the sand; and it is that I am writing this to tell you about.

Not far from Merced's home stood the old Mission Church of San Carlos, a small building built by the early priests of the settlement, and covered with yellow stucco. The walk leading up to it was paved with the vertebræ of whales caught long ago. (The vertebræ are the bones of the spine.) They were about two feet in diameter, and round, and they made a very pretty pavement. About the church was a small, enclosed yard, containing trees and grass, and around the church a path ran. But it was not any of these that Merced cared for so much, though she thought the pavement quite curious. No; and it was not even the inside of the church, with its wooden figures of Mary and Joseph tawdrily dressed, and the large crucifix with the wounded Christ upon it. No; it was only a picture she loved, which hung over the door at the main entrance, and which few people seemed to notice, perhaps for the reason that their backs were towards it until the service was over, when almost every one was in haste to get out.

But Merced was never in haste, and she always made a point of staying to look at the picture. It was called, so the priest had told her, "The Court of Heaven, with St. Michael crowned." Merced had also been told that St. Michael was the patron saint of the church, and that he was lord of the souls of the dead, presenting the good to God, and sending the wicked away to torment. But it was not St. Michael she cared for at all, even though he stood in the middle of the large picture with the crown on his head. No; she sometimes even wished he was not there at all; for all that she wanted to see was the angels. Such numbers of them as there were, with wreaths of roses on their heads, with dresses of

bright colors, somewhat faded by time, perhaps, but still beautiful, and with most lovely wings! Merced had looked at them till she knew every face. Such sweet expressions they had, such fair hair, such lovely roses in their wreaths! Merced never thought of St. Michael and his dread power over her soul. She only thought of the angels, and wished her hair were like theirs and that her face could be as lovely and as sweet. When the priest told her one day that she could make her face beautiful if she would always control her temper, and not only do kind acts, but think pure and kind thoughts, she resolved to try. And every day, when she came out of church, she looked up at those lovely angels, quite sure she should sometime be among them in the court of heaven itself.

Lutgardo could not understand why Merced always lingered coming down the aisle; and he did not guess what she was thinking of, when she left her play to amuse him, and was patient when he was fretful; but he thought her the dearest sister in the world. And Señora Navarro, seeing the sweet thoughts that were writing themselves on Merced's face, said often to her husband, "Ah, Merced will be a holy Sister, I think!" But Merced was not thinking of running away from any trials or troubles to shut herself up in a convent, but only how to bear her crosses sweetly, how to make her face lovely like those she saw in the picture, how to become worthy to live with the angels in heaven. And I think she is quite right to be sure of going there sometime; for I am certain there is nothing God loves better than a gentle, pure, and patient child; and I think the angels will be as glad to welcome little Merced as she can be to stand with them, all pure and lovely, with a rose-wreath on her head.

LITTLE IULUS.

BY MRS. S. A. DAVENPORT.

Once, a great many years ago, there was a boy who bore the name of Iulus. He was a pretty, dark little fellow, with laughing eyes, white teeth, and the red color shining through his round olive cheeks. He was a very happy boy, partly, perhaps, because he had so good a father.

The father was named Æneas, and was called "pius," meaning that he was submissive to the will of the gods, and did everything it was his duty to do. Æneas was a hero, strong and brave; but he used his strength and manhood to protect the weakness of old age and childhood, caring tenderly for Iulus and for his aged father, the grandfather of Iulus.

Æneas was a man of great beauty; the goddess of beauty herself was said to be his mother. Perhaps the goodness of his soul shone through his face; for goodness is always beautiful.

Iulus lived in a great and beautiful city, with high walls and seven gates.

Through the wrong-doing of one of the king's sons, the city was attacked by a strong and wily enemy, — a fair-haired people, who came across the water in ships with their kings and warriors, and besieged the city. But the walls were strong, and within were men who could fight bravely and skilfully. Iulus could not remember the time before the siege; but he felt safe within the walls, with his father among those who fought for their city and their homes.

At last by stratagem — gaining by deceit what they could not by force of arms — the enemy entered the city. Then was Iulus afraid, although his father was so brave and strong; for there followed a fierce and bitter contest.

It did not cease until the noblest and best of the Trojan heroes were slain. They looked so grand and strong in their armor, Iulus could not believe they could be conquered; but they fell. There was nothing to be heard but the clashing of shields, the crash of spears, and the rattling of javelins. Iulus peeped out from behind one of the pillars of his father's palace. How terrible was the din! and how the shouts of the victors rang above it all! How madly they dashed through the streets in their chariots!

And then what did Iulus see? Here and there, from the palaces and the beautiful homes, the flames began to leap up. The victors had set the city on fire. Iulus' heart sank within him. What should he do?

It was evening now, and already the flames had touched the palace where he stood. Then he saw his father, his face haggard and worn, and his helmet battered by the fray. But never had he seemed so noble and tender. On his back he bore Iulus' grandfather, weak and trembling with age.

Father Æneas held out his hand, — the strong, firm hand that could so well cast the javelin and hurl the spear. Iulus grasped it, and they began to leave the city.

Over above Mount Ida opposite, they could see the soft shining of the great star of the goddess-mother.

This was their hope and guide. A great poet has told us how the little Iulus walked with "unequal steps," trying to keep up with the quick, manly strides of his father, — now falling behind, it is likely, and now running a little, that he might not delay them.

They gained Mount Ida in safety, and Father Æneas lifted the aged grandfather gently down from his shoulders. Æneas and Iulus stopped a moment to rest and breathe after the hurried journey and the dangers from the enemy.

But here a fresh grief awaited them. The mother of Iulus was missing. They had thought she was following close behind. Again, through the showers of darts and the spears swiftly hurled, went Father Æneas, but in vain. The mother had perished in the flames.

By and by Father Æneas and the rest of the Trojans who had escaped with their lives got their ships ready, and prepared to go across the water into a far country, where Æneas was to found a great and powerful nation.

They were a long time on their way, going through sunshine and storm, shipwreck and calm.

Once they stayed with a beautiful queen, who petted Iulus, and would have taken his dead mother's place. But Father Æneas knew that fate willed that he should go to the far-off land and found the great nation; and, although sad at heart, he left the beautiful queen who was so kind to him and his companions.

When they reached the new country, there were more enemies to meet and more battles to be fought; and Iulus, grown now to be a youth, put on his armor and fought with the bravest.

Æneas finally conquered; and there grew up in that new country the greatest and most powerful nation of the world, — a nation that conquered the whole of the earth that was then known. Cæsar, one of its greatest statesmen and warriors, used to boast of his descent from the beautiful little Iulus.

And now, if one should go to that country, although nearly three thousand years have passed, he would see just such dark-eyed little boys as Iulus was, with white teeth, and the red color showing through the round olive cheeks.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

[This department of our paper will be, until further notice, under the charge of the Editor, who earnestly solicits *questions* from the readers of Every Other Sunday. It will be the Editor's aim to give thoughtful and suggestive replies to such questions as Sunday-school workers, both pupils and teachers, may send to him. Address, Editor of Every Other Sunday, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

What constitutes success in the work of Sunday-school teaching?

This question, from an earnest teacher, calls for a brief and comprehensive answer, — not an easy thing to give. But we will venture to say:

1. He is the successful teacher who really *instructs* his pupils; who not only interests them in the subjects that they study, but also stimulates their own thinking; and at the close of each year can see that their study has produced some definite results in a wider knowledge, a clearer vision, and a firmer grasp of facts and principles.

2. He is the successful teacher in a Sunday-school, who, besides instructing his pupils, has done something by means of his teaching and through the influence of his own character *to make them better*, — to give them higher aspirations and nobler ideals. Much of this kind of success will not be seen at once, if indeed it is ever seen. But it will not be difficult for a teacher to find out whether, on the whole, his pupils have been improved by their association with him, whether their hearts and lives are becoming the homes of those manly and womanly virtues which are at once the substance and the ornament of the Christian character.

Can a Sunday-school scholar use the new Lending Library of Reference-books?

Certainly. The library is for *all* Sunday-school workers, — pastors, superintendents, teachers, and pupils. But every Sunday-school ought to have a well-stocked reference-library of its own; and we advise pupils who feel the need of these books for use in their own studies to set themselves to work to provide them for their school. Consult your parents and teachers and pastor as to "ways and means," but see that these needed books of reference are procured and put within easy access of all members of the school.

What is "Normal-class work" for Sunday-schools?

"Normal-class work" is simply teaching the teachers. It may be done by a pastor or a superintendent. In the "Evangelical" sects it is done on a large scale by associated effort. A great deal is accomplished at the Summer Assemblies at Chautauqua, Framingham, and other places. In some of the large cities special courses of instruction are given in the winter by competent teachers. Sometimes the work is carried on by a kind of study-at-home method under the guidance and with the counsel of a Central Bureau. The books that are read, like the lectures which are given, relate to the general principles and methods of teaching, and also to the special characteristics of the Bible as a religious and ethical text-book.

We hope that something of this Normal-class work will before long be undertaken for the benefit of our own Sunday-school teachers.

THE NEW SERIES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

As our readers have already been informed, the Sunday-School Lessons for 1886-87 make the beginning of a series of lesson-books upon the general subject of "Lives and Deeds." The purpose of this new series is to teach religion and morality by the method of biography, — to gather from the history of the past the wisdom that is taught by example rather than by precept. Volume I. of the series will be confined to Bible characters, — two numbers on the characters of the Old Testament and one on those of the New Testament.

Vol. I., No. 1, "Early Hebrew Stories," is now ready, and is one of the best manuals which the Sunday-School Society has yet published. The author, Rev. C. F. Dole, is well and favorably known by his admirable text-book on social and political ethics: "The Citizen and Neighbor." His new book is marked by many of the excellences of style and method which characterize the former manual. The twelve stories which the book contains are each and all as delightfully told as so many romances. It is indeed the "Hebrew Wonder-land" into which the reader or student is introduced; but the heroes of the land are shown to have been, in a very true sense, "men of God" who by faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness.

It would be hard to conceive of a better way to acquaint young persons with the substance and the form of the early stories of Hebrew Scripture than to put this little volume into their hands. They will be sure to read the stories for the stories' sake, while they cannot fail to see what the lives and deeds illustrate.

As a manual for Sunday-school use the great merit of the book consists in the carefully prepared and suggestive Questions to each story. Questions specially fitted for the younger children are printed in italics, and relate, for the most part, to the narrative portion of the text. The remaining Questions cover a variety of topics and touch not only upon ethical and spiritual lessons but also upon matters of history, geography, national usages, etc., so far as these can be made to elucidate the stories themselves. Some of these Questions, also, open up collateral reading in other than Hebrew history.

There is enough in Mr. Dole's new manual to furnish an interesting and profitable study for all classes in the Sunday-school older than the infant-class. In schools where a "graded system" is used the manual will fit in as an introduction to the study of the Old Testament.

For helps to Sunday-school teachers using the manual the Sunday-School Society offers the following: —

1. Our new "Lending Library" is well supplied with commentaries and other works on the Old Testament.

2. We keep in stock and can always supply good reference-books to be placed in Sunday-school libraries.

3. We earnestly recommend every teacher who uses the new manual to own a copy of Dr. Stebbins's valuable work, published by our Society: "A Common-sense View of the Books of the Old Testament." There is no other book in English which discusses the Old Testament from the Unitarian point of view, and gives so much useful information upon the authorship, age, contents, etc., of each separate book.

4. Mr. Hopp's "Bible for Beginners" and the first volume of "Scriptures for Young People" give these early Hebrew stories at greater length, and may be profitably used in connection with Mr. Dole's manual.

5. The series of fifteen wood engravings of Old Testament subjects published by the Sunday-School Society include several of the characters and scenes of which the manual treats, and should be used with all younger classes that study the new Lessons.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

The August number of the "Unitarian Review" contains the following generous notice of the work of the Sunday-School Society: "The Sunday-School Society, which has a Book-room in the new Unitarian Building, issues a new catalogue of its publications, which should be a source of just pride to all Unitarians, on account of the many excellent aids to instruction that it now furnishes. Many of these are of recent date; and it would be impossible to find a better list of lessons and manuals for instruction in religion, in the broad sense in which Unitarians understand it, than one which includes, to name but a few, Mrs. Wilson's 'New Testament Parables,' illustrated by pictures and stories, Rev. Mr. Hall's 'Lessons on the Bible' and on the 'Life of St. Paul,' Mrs. Wells's 'Rights and Duties,' Rev. Mr. Brown's 'Life of Jesus for Young People,' Dr. Clarke's 'Manual of Unitarian Belief,' Prof. Everett's 'Religions before Christianity,' Prof. Toy's 'Religion of Israel,' Rev. Mr. Allen's 'Outlines of Christian History,' Rev. Mr Dole's 'The Citizen and the Neighbor,' and Rev. Mr. Spaulding's 'Teachings of Jesus.' All these publications have the great merit of being at once broad and deep. They view religion from the practical stand-point of its value in building up wise, strong, and tender character in this world; they are in harmony with modern knowledge and modern faith; and they present matters of religion in a spirit and in a literary style admirably calculated to recommend them to young and old. A new feature in the work of the Sunday-School Society is a list of books fitted for the libraries of liberal churches. The full title of each book precedes a few pithy words of comment; and the list should prove highly useful in the selection of books for any library, its range is so wide and its judgment so just."

THE IDEAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The three questions which must be asked in regard to each of the books that would enter this library are: —

1. Is it religious? Will it help and uplift the soul?

2. Is it interesting, so that scholars will be attracted to it?

3. Has it literary merit, — not necessarily the highest classic ideal, but is it helpful even in a literary point of view to children? — *Dr. Peloubet, in Sunday-School Quarterly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

1. Study the lesson to present it as a whole, and not merely with the idea of hunting something to say on each verse.

2. Study it thoroughly, and let it stand out in your mind as a picture, with the main teachings in the foreground, and the rest as appropriate costume. Then you will have unity, simplicity, vividness.

3. Have a clear analysis of every lesson, — one of your own making if possible.

4. Have a distinct and direct aim in studying and teaching each lesson, and then *hit the mark.*

5. Let your class see that you are on fire with the lesson-subject, and you will easily kindle them to enthusiasm.

6. Give pains to the art of questioning, and stir up your scholars with bright, thoughtful questions, that are full of meaning. But remember that no surface study will enable you to do this. — *E. G. Taylor.*

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